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Bard

ROSE OF SHARON

The tradition seems to be
only one in front of a house.
The old way. One rose
tree, one viburnum,
a few lilacs. That will do.
This is America, not Eden.
We aim to be modest,
profuse, more of us
in October than July,
something saved
for the next season.
And maybe one arbor
vitae beside the winter door.

28 September 2011

= = = = =

Suppose a morning glory is a mouth.

What does it say.

Blue arrivals think their way through time—

alkali & acid husband & wife

the world is raining

all around me

my only protection is to talk

and talking is a secret way to walk.

28 September 2011

= = = = =

Things are better than things
people are better than people

morning sunset small rain
I still can't touch you with my tongue

lick honey off your monument
we read each other as if we were long dead

and all we have to touch with is the books we write.

28 September 2011

= = = = =

The blue flowers believe in me
they bring the sky inside
to comfort and instruct.

All I can think them with is praise.
fero floris laudem
and the sky turns inside out.

28 September 2011

OLFACTION

Picture the absences
to be on the side of the criminal
to drive through the world
wanting nothing but the next thing.
And then be there.

2.

Like the stench of white birch
spoiling the whole woman
otherwise in my arms.
The smell of wrong.

3.

One profile of her I didn't like
made her a fat fish suddenly
not the slim girl she was.
So I sat always at her left side
wisely ignoring what can't be remedied,

4.

Where had she come from
to be at the side of the road that day
under too tall white pines
that kept the smell of summer
deep into autumn.

5.

Or something else Going a long way
in time and Idaho
to witness what becomes of what we need.
The shape changes. The *seeming*
one falls in love with, it
others.

Seems no longer.
Even the smell changes.

6.

Olfaction. So well equipped
our brains for it. Scent
is a matter of absence, isn't it,
how molecules of the beloved
drift through lay space
towards the lover, out towards
all those who could be lover.
They take leave of what love
must think is inexhaustible
fountainhead of redolences
breathing resemblance, compulsion,
the ends of the world upon me.

29 September 2011

THE PROBLEM

We don't have to know
more than now.
But we do.

29.IX.11

CORTICAL

Look at the drift
will sun soon
ironbound chest
snap open full
of papers

I remember everything
I ever was
I mean saw
or are they different

a cloud is the bardo
taking us between
one life and another

though the names don't change
and none of them is mine

I think in silences

the cortex
short breath
looking in.

2.

Change the record

change the numbers the names

rinse history

of everything but act

and then do nothing

biography is a disease

only fiction cures

live un-

interpreted.

3.

If my breath were stronger

I would walk right up the tulip tree

tallest in our forest

and bring you down the highest leaf

to say what I'm not allowed to say

or dream between the branches of your tree.

4.

Starting again

and with no breath

the cortex

goes on forever
not even numbers
can count me there,

but all the kisses
count, all the broken
twigs underfoot,
weasel by the river,
the kisses, beasts,
kisses, subways,
oaks in rain.

30 October 2011

= = = = =

After a while with us
the colors stop being colors
and go back to light.

30 October 2011, dreamt